

Society

With the arrival of cool evenings and the early arrival of darkness which cuts off evening rides, Ontario folk are turning to auction bridge as the means of diverting the evening hours. The rage of bridge seems to be growing apace in the city, which already has the reputation of playing more bridge per person than any community in this section. This increase is manifested in the formation of new clubs and the extension of membership in those formerly established.

The first of the new clubs, which has not yet taken an official title was formed Monday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Clemo, and is composed of the following couples: Messrs and Mesdames Clemo, Chelsey and Willmer Boyer, C. F. Trow, Don Platt, L. B. Cockrum, Earl Blackaby and Geo. W. Hotchkiss.

On Tuesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Larue Blackaby another club inaugurated the season, this is a re-organized group which extended its membership and will gather every Tuesday evening. The members include: Messrs. and Mesdames Larue Blackaby, J. M. Meonard, J. A. McFall, R. W. Swagler, O. H. Graham, J. R. Fortier, Elmo Pearson, R. W. Jones and E. W. Howland. Mr. McDonald was elected president of the club at its initial gathering.

The Imperial club meets tonight with Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McFall.

The first meeting of the Woman's club was a unique in the club's history. It began this noon with a luncheon at the home of the President, Mrs. J. R. Blackaby, the members bringing the refreshments they thought appropriate without informing each other. The only duplication was a salad, and that just proved enough to go round while the resulting menu was all that the most exacting rearrangement could have conceived.

Last Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Homan were the hosts for the first meeting of the Imperial club.

Mrs. C. R. Emison entertained the Tuesday bridge this week and had for the out of town guests, Mrs. C. E. Kenyon and Mrs. H. C. Whitworth of Weiser, former members.

The Monday bridge club held its initial gathering of the season at the home of Mrs. A. L. Cockrum this week.

The first meeting of the Wednesday bridge will be held next week.

The Girls' club will gather for its meeting next Tuesday at the auditorium of the library.

LOCAL PERSONALS

The State Tourist Bureau office having closed for the year M. E. Bain has accepted a position with the county road force which is in charge of the Nyssa-Jordan Valley highway work.

J. A. Lakness, manager of the Malheur Home Telephone company and of the Central Oregon Telephone company, as well, left Monday morning for Burns to look after business affairs connected with the Central Oregon organization.

P. J. Gallagher left Monday to attend the term of court in Harney county, and will go from there to the irrigation congress at Bend.

V. P. McKenna of the Portland Woolwarehouse company, spent the week here looking after local interests. Mr. McKenna bought some sheep for feeding on the company's ranch down on the Columbia.

County Agent L. R. Brethaupt returned Friday from John Day where he was the judge of agricultural products at the fair held there.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Howery who have spent the summer near Ironside, were in town this week at the Moore. They leave this week for Crowley where they will spend the winter.

Martin Moore left this week for Eugene to resume his law studies at the University.

Adam Murray who registers from Juntura, was listed among the guests at the Carter house Monday.

Takes Sabbatical Year.

In California county agricultural agents have the rank of assistant professors in the state university and are entitled to all the rights and privileges of the resident teaching force. One county agent who has now served eight years in his present position has been granted sabbatical leave, which he will spend in Europe studying rural co-operation. This is the first time in the history of the work that such recognition has been given a county agent.

Girl, Fourteen, is Six Feet Tall.

Kathleen Clarke, fourteen years old, and six feet in height, is the tallest girl in England. Medical men declare the girl to be perfectly normal in every respect and are of the opinion that she will continue to grow until she is seventeen or eighteen.

CHAMPION LIAR

By MARY LOUISE CORMIER

Milt is the champion liar of Merrimac Mills. His superiority in this line has never been challenged. There are other prevaricators in the town, but ranged beside the urban, accomplished Milt, they appear as so many hisping schoolboys. With Milt, lying is an art, if not actually a profession.

As a boy Milt would not attend school if he could possibly lie his way out of it. Later, when he came to be employed in Hinckle's general store, his ability to evade the truth proved useful in a number of different ways. For instance, a crate of cold storage eggs was purchased. Milt would promptly advertise them as "strictly fresh" and levy his price accordingly. He would sell them all.

Milt had a sort of quick, crafty intelligence. He realized that women trusted him and it was through them that he must reach the men. When John Hinckle dismissed him because of a discrepancy in the cash register, Milt swore that he would get even if it took him the rest of his life and he straightway began to lay his plans. On a certain May morning he strolled into the general store. Mrs. Hinckle, a thin, dark woman with a jealous temper, was behind the counter.

"Morning," said Milt, in his soft drawl. "Where's John?" He knew well enough that Hinckle had left that morning for the wholesale house in Boston where he purchased supplies.

"He's gone to Boston," the woman replied, curtly. "Did you want to see him about a job? If you did, there's nothing doing."

A gentle laugh rippled out of Milt's supple throat.

"A job?" he repeated, with a deprecatory smile. "No thanks. Doing chores pays me well enough. Some weeks I make as high as \$60." That was a fallacy, of course. Milt seldom averaged more than \$20 when he worked—and he did not work very often.

"What did you want to see John about, then?" persisted Mrs. Hinckle.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," Milt responded, evasively. "Come to think, I see him getting on the train this morning. That Blake woman was with him." Mrs. Hinckle stopped weighing a bag of brown sugar and her little black eyes sparkled dangerously.

"How do you know she was—with him?" The question came as a challenge and Milt answered it with an enjoyment that was typical of him.

"Well," he explained, carefully, "I heard her say to him when he was helping her onto the train, 'This is the first trip we've had together in ten years, John.' And she was laughing, sort of happy-like, when she said it."

"I don't believe you," Mrs. Hinckle informed him coldly. Milt smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"I didn't expect you would," he mocked, ambling off.

After that Merrimac Mills sneered at Milt's "stories" and openly branded them for what they were.

But Milt was one of those curious beings who thrive on opposition.

There was a good deal of speculation concerning Tillie, Milt's young and still pretty wife. People wondered why she had not left him long ago.

"Tillie's gone to spend the week with my folks in Baltimore," he would elucidate, as he stood in the bunkroom of the firehouse on a Friday evening watching a poker game. "I kinder thought the change of air might do her good. She'll have all the comforts of home, too. My folks—the Baltimore Joneses, you know—are pretty well off. Most likely, by now, Tillie is riding up from the station in their town car—"

Through the blue haze of cigar smoke, the men would grin at each other over their cards as if they were in secret understanding. They were. All of them understood tacitly that Tillie was, at that very moment, sitting in her shabby home across the river, mending Milt's socks.

One raw night in winter Milt was awakened by Tillie's low moaning. He found her condition to be dangerous and hurriedly set out for Merrimac Mills. Young Doctor Garret heard Milt's frantic knocking and flung open his bedroom window.

"What is it?" he called drowsily to the restless, dark figure on the snow-covered steps. Milt explained.

"Your wife is in Baltimore," the doctor answered coldly. "You told me so yourself this afternoon. And I don't propose to be dragged out of bed on a night like this for the sake of a practical joke!" The window slammed down.

Milt stood there in the snow, quivering with anger and despair.

Desperate and half-crazed Milt borrowed a sleigh and drove to South Merrimac, some three miles away, where he secured a doctor. But when, after their mad race against time, they reached Milt's shack, Tillie was past the need of medical science.

It was many months before Merrimac Mills saw Milt again. Once fond of company, he now sought isolation. It was even whispered about that Milt was going to reform. But Milt was too human for that. Another year found him back in the firehouse and he was as glib and prevaricating of tongue as ever. Now and then he sits apart, this champion, and there comes into his faded eyes an expression of baffled wistfulness.

"I could tell the truth," he mutters, half-defensively, "but nobody will believe me now. Nobody will believe."

WAYS OF FATE

By MILDRED WHITE

The girl who walked down the village street, passed the row of quaint old-fashioned houses, to turn in at a bungalow door. To this frail girl whose health made country living a present necessity, Janey's home, and Janey's bright society, were a salvation, and indeed without them Rosalind could not have stayed out her designated time. The new quiet life was very strange to the city-bred young woman, whose natural gaieties perhaps, had been her disaster.

"Who lives in the bungalow with the sun dial in the garden?" Rosalind had asked her aunt the second day of her stay.

"Oh you mean Janey Pepper's place. We always call her Janey Pepper."

Rosalind met the mistress of the pretty bungalow soon after. Passing the garden of the sun dial when its mistress was there picking roses, that sweet-faced little lady invited her in. Rosalind became immediately interested in Janey Pepper.

"Fate is the strangest thing," remarked Rosalind one day. "Here am I, a lonely stranger in a strange place, carelessly passing a rose garden, I find you—and am lonely no more."

Janey Pepper bent over the silk curtain she was sewing.

"There's no understanding the ways of fate," she said, and laughed.

"Now take me, my dear, and the way I came to be married; had just settled down cheerfully to single blessedness when a bit of misfortune led me straight to my husband and happiness. That sounds contradictory, I know, but let me tell you about it. I was living, at the time, in the little home my folks left to me. Then came the hard winter when my colic dog died and Black Beauty had to be sold, and I fell off a tall stool and twisted my back. I was standing on the stool to take down Uncle Silas' old photograph that I'd got pretty tired of seeing there, and after I fell there was no Black Beauty to carry me over to Doctor Hastings. So I put on a loose cape and walked, all twisted with pain, all the way to the doctor's office.

The doctor, himself, who had discharged an impertinent chauffeur that morning and didn't know how he was to be driven around, was not very sympathetic, being troubled with his own problem. Then into the waiting room, where I was waiting to see how I was to get back to my home, came James N. Hodges of the grand house on the hill. Every one spoke of him as James N. Hodges, thinking always of the man's aloof importance. I recalled, as he sat there in scowling impatience, that his lovely butterfly wife had died last spring. I don't remember that James N. Hodges had ever noticed me before; he spoke now, gruffly.

"When will the doctor be at liberty?"

And, I impatient with my pain, replied, "I don't know anything about the doctor."

James N. Hodges looked in sudden displeasure at a person so rude. His fine eyes were reproachfully questioning.

The doctor opened the door and he was as crusty as either of us. "Janey Pepper," he said, "I can't take you home as I hoped to do. Don't know how I'm going to make the rounds myself; but if you had used a little common sense you would not be here with a lame back. Better have left your Uncle Silas picture hanging on the wall."

"I can stand the lame back better than I could stand Uncle Silas' picture," I retorted, and in a minute we were all three laughing together. James N. Hodges jumped to his feet. "My car is at the door," he offered pleasantly. "I will be glad to drive you home. I can send it back for your use later, Doctor Hastings."

Janey smoothed thoughtfully the rose silk.

"That's how fate gave me my husband," she said, "though Jim says his is the gift. I do try to make him happy. That's why we left the gloomy old ancestral home on the hill for this lovely sunny place. For I soon learned that my Jim was not self important nor aloof, as we supposed, but just a man, plain, lonesome for common happiness and—love." Janey laughed.

"I'll be bound if he expected to find those blessings in old Doctor Hastings' office any more than I expected to find them—falling off a stool."

Early Rail Disaster.

The first great railroad disaster in the United States was what was for years referred to as the "Burlington Accident." It occurred near Burlington, N. J., in 1853, and caused the death and injury of a great number of persons.

The American public was horror-stricken at the calamity, and popular feeling rose so high that new regulations in regard to the backing of trains, signaling, etc., were put into effect in every railway system in the country. Rev. Dr. Brondman, a celebrated Philadelphia clergyman, preached a famous sermon on the subject.

Not Missed.

"Do you remember the good old days when a candidate was expected to hire a brass band and treat the crowd?"

"Those weren't good old days," replied Senator Sorghum. "They simply promoted bad liquor, bad music and bad politics."

RADERS---THE BIGGEST and THE BEST

Merchandise from "Rader's" means more for your money. At "Rader's" people find that high quality merchandise and low prices do go hand in hand. They find that "Rader's" guarantee can be depended on always. In other words people find "Rader's" the place to trade.

Money Saving Prices

For Friday and Saturday we have placed on sale a list of articles noted below at prices much below actual value. Read these descriptions and prices carefully and buy to save.

WOMEN'S PHOENIX SILK HOSE

\$1.00

This is an offering that you should take advantage of. A complete line of sizes in the following shades: Black, brown, polo, beige and white.

BED SPREADS

\$2.23

A special purchase brings this bargain to you. Plain white. A regular \$3.50 value.

SERGE AND GRANITE CLOTH

75c Per Yd.

Just the thing for school dresses, 36 inches wide, Navy, pin stripe and brown. Regular \$1.25 value.

WOOL MIXED PLAIDS

75c per yd.

Big value at this price. 36 inches wide, in blue, green and red plaids.

CANVAS GLOVES, 2 pr. 25c

This is the extra heavy weight. Regular 2 for 35c values any place.

UNION SUITS \$1.45

Haynes extra heavy derby ribbed. Regular \$1.75 value.

SOX, 2 pr, - 25c

Men's medium weight cotton Sox. Black and brown, not seconds, but good quality.

FLANNELETTE SHIRTS \$1.95

See this shirt before buying, as it is the best value of the season.

BLUE POINT HAVANA CIGARS

Flavor is what makes a cigar --- and flavor depends on tobacco. Only the FINEST HAVANA is used in the Blue Point Cigar.

Two for Twenty-five Cents

Boyer Bros. & Co., Ontario,

Distributors

J. F. Whitaker Cigar Co.

NEEDS OF "YOUNG AMERICA"

European Critic Thinks That Youth of Great Republic Suffers From Too Much Freedom.

George Santayana, famous philosopher and writer, in an article written especially in the Forum on "America's Young Radicals," says:

"I have made a severe effort to discover as well as I may from a distance what these rebels want. I see what they are against—they are against everything—but what are they for? I have not been able to discover it. This may be due to my lack of understanding or to their incapacity to express themselves clearly, for their style is something appalling. But perhaps this scandalous failure in expression, when expression is what they yearn for and demand at all costs, may be a symptom of something deeper; of a radical mistake they have made in the direction of their efforts and aspirations. They think they need more freedom, more room, a chance to be more spontaneous. I suspect that they have had too much freedom, too much empty space, too much practice in being spontaneous when there was nothing in them to bubble out. Their style is a sign of this; it is not merely that they have no mastery of the English language as hitherto spoken, no clear sense of the value of words, and no simplicity; that they are without the vocabulary or the idiom of cultivated people. . . . No, it is not more freedom that young America needs in order to be happy; it needs more discipline."

FRUIT PICKERS WANTED

AT MALHEUR LAND CO. ORCHARDS At Jamieson, Oregon

Men Pickers - \$3.25 Per day
Women Pickers - \$3.00 Per day
Come at Once - Good Accommodations

MALHEUR LAND COMPANY
H. D. Elsemann, Manager.

WANTED—to purchase, a horse power feed grinder, must be in good condition and cheap. H. L. Smith, Brogan, Ore.

FOUND—Key ring with one key attached. Owner can get same at this office.

Chamber maid wanted at Moore Hotel.

His Recovery Complete.

The Figaro tells of an English sailor named Mitchell who was a past master at the art of tasting whisky. In the war he was asphyxiated and lost his sense of smell and the use of speech. Deprived of his calling, he became a boxer. Now, in a certain boat in London Mitchell received a formidable blow under his nose and another on his jaw. Ten seconds later he was knocked out. One of his attendants rushed some spirits to him. Then Mitchell miraculously recovered and declared, even before wetting his lips, "This stuff is at least fifteen years old."

FARM BUREAU AND COUNTY AGENT BUSY IN SEPTEMBER (Continued from page 1)

know what it is worth. For instance, HARD WHITE wheat is worth 10 to 12 cents per bushel more than Soft White. Some varieties will grade Hard White when grown under certain conditions and Soft Whites under other conditions. The difference in value on 1000 bushels might help considerably in paying the taxes on the farm. For further information ask for the handbook, "Oregon Grain, Hay, Onion and Potato Standards."

The new tariff rates provide a duty of 4c on red clover seed, 4c on alfalfa, 3c on white clover, and 2c on sweet clover. As large quantities of such seeds are imported those duties should help this section. The Idaho Seed Growers Association to which many Malheur county seed growers belong, was instrumental in the adoption of these duties on seeds.